

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. II.]

SATURDAY, March 3, 1804.

[No. 74]

THE

VILLAGE GOSSIP,

Or, Memoirs of a Country Lady.

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

(Continued from page 162.)

THE entrance of the doctor, who now for the first time, had been summoned, interrupted our conversation; and I withdrew, with an assurance of returning as soon as his visit was ended. I accordingly pursued my way to the elm, where I saw Maria in play with the frolicsome Harriet. As I walked but slowly, in deep meditation on what I had just heard, I distinguished part of their discourse, before they perceived my approach. Leonard was seated on the bench, his arm fondly thrown around the waist of my Maria, while his eyes pursued the little cherub, who was racing round him with looks of pleasure.

Maria, said he, laughing, when we have such a little prattler, I shall be jealous of its love, and be continually quarrelling with you for the pre-eminence of that affection a mother naturally claims.

Maria blushed.—What ideas, Leonard!—you talk so idly!—and such strange thoughts come in your head!

Nay, who can help such thoughts?—Can I behold that lovely infant, and not wish to be a father? Oh! if Heaven should bestow upon me such a precious gift!

You would love it too well, if you strove to supersede a mother's rights, said Maria, laughing, and kissing the child, who had climbed Leonard's knee, and was playing with his watch-riband.—Ah! you little traitor—you do not love me!

Yes! cried Harriet, throwing her arms round her neck, I do love you; for you are almost as pretty as my mamma—and, see, she gave me this beautiful locket.—Saying this, she drew from her snowy bosom a small locket, which was suspended by a plain gold chain.—See, cried she, kissing it; here is nice brown hair—'tis own papa's—and here is L. H. S.;—do look!

Maria took the locket in her hand, when, raising her eyes to the face of Leonard, his ashy-pale countenance filled her with alarm:—the child, too, observed it: and when, starting up, he leaned against the tree for support, cried—

What ails you, gentleman?—are you

sick?—My mamma is often ill, like you.

He stooped down—a big tear fell upon the infant's upraised face;—and, after a momentary pause of emotion, he snatched her to his bosom.—Who is your mother?—Oh! take me to her!

I advanced.—What means all this?—Somerton!—Maria! But Maria heard me not—sense, motion, was extinct; and she fell into my arms.

Leonard threw his arms round her.—Dearest Maria! do not distract me by this silent reproach!—Wretch as I am, forgive me!—Heavenly mercy!—how shall I act!

Maria revived—a glance of timid apprehension met my eye—I pressed her in my arms—Be composed my love;—this is a distressing discovery: let us return: reflection is necessary on all sides. Somerton, leave us awhile; nor take any step in this business, as you value my esteem, or the happiness of Maria—nay, more, the life of this child's mother.

Leonard started, hid his face with his handkerchief, and abruptly left us.

I led Maria to the cottage: this was the time to work upon her feelings, and excite her to a noble effort. I easily apologized to Mrs. Chumney for the un-

THE VISITOR,

expected visitor I had brought with me; but a hectic glow passed across her pale cheek when I announced her to be my niece, which I could easily account for, though but for the recent discovery I might not have observed it. Maria could with difficulty conceal her emotion; yet I judged an explanation just then unnecessary, if not improper; and, as soon as my niece was a little recovered, we returned home, where I found the following note, written with a pencil by Somerton.

Madam,

I SEEK to deprecate your resentment not by abject submission, but, with an implicit dependence upon your friendship, put the direction of my future conduct entirely into your hands. Situated as I am, I know not how to act. Weigh well the circumstances; and believe me ready to atone for my juvenile indiscretions, by obeying your directions without a murmur, though the inflexible justice of your decision may destroy all my prospects of happiness for ever.

LEONARD HENRY SOMERTON.

Oh, Somerton!—that second name caused all the present perplexity; for how could I possibly divine that the Henry who had seduced the unfortunate Harriet was our gay, animated Leonard Somerton? Could I have thought *him* so insensible to the calls of nature and affection?—yet such are the children of dissipation, trained in the school of fashion, and taught to consider the destruction of innocence as a matter of indifference, or unmanly exultation; till the hour of reflection arrives, when the feelings Nature has implanted in the breast of man are awakened, and he looks back on his past errors with self-conviction of guilt and inhumanity.

NO. XIII.

BEFORE I proceed with my account of the meeting between Somerton and Harriet, I cannot omit transcribing a letter from Mrs. Woolcomb, which afforded me great satisfaction, as it convinced me that I was right in believing that the natural good sense of Miss Somerton would, in time, lead her to surmount habitual errors; but, though

every just praise should be paid to the laudable exertions of Clara, it is but fair that her husband should receive his share:—but of his conduct her letter will afford the best proof.

London, Jan. 1801.

Dear Madam,

AVAILING myself of your kind permission to write to you with the unserved confidence of friendship, a permission which does me honor, as it proves that you form a better opinion of me than I dared venture to hope, I address you now with undescrivable pleasure, in the consciousness of having that to communicate which may tend to confirm that opinion. I know you have too much candor to impute what I have said to egotism; for, if I am capable of one praiseworthy act, it is from your instructions I first derived the impulse; and in what follows you will find an impartial statement of my conduct.

Mr. Woolcomb, having some business to transact with his agent in town, obtained leave of absence, and I attended him hither. We took lodgings in Sackville Street; and I soon received gratulatory visits from several of my former acquaintance. My husband, to gratify me, made it his study to engage me daily in fresh parties of pleasure; the consequence was, that I took cold and was confined to my apartment. I neither wished nor expected that Woolcomb would refrain from his usual mode of living, which, according to his circle of associates, could not but be occasionally gay; and, though he paid me the compliment of his company for a day or two, I soon prevailed upon him to partake of the amusements in which his friends importuned him to share. These engagements, however, became so frequent, that I cannot deny but I felt some degree of uneasiness, but recollecting your sentiments respecting the reproaches of a wife, I overcame my natural petulance so far as to appear easy and cheerful.

One evening my husband exceeded his usual time of absence: I had not seen him the whole day; and my heart sickened with the apprehension of an alienation of his affection. Unable to take any rest, I threw on a warm dressing-gown, and stood at the drawing-room window, anxiously straining my eyes in every direction with the expectation of beholding him:—he soon

came; but, how were all my feelings of impatient affection changed to horror, when I beheld him accompanied by a creature, whose dress marked her of the lowest order of depraved nature and who seemed besides in a state of complete inebriation! Woolcomb supported her in his arms, passed the house, and called a coach from the stand, into which he accompanied her:—so long, my senses remained perfect; but the agony of my mind at length overcame me, and I fell with such a dead weight on the bars of the balcony, that I received a severe contusion in my head. Roused by the violence of the blow, I crawled to my bed, without alarming any of the family. About three o'clock Woolcomb returned; he seemed greatly alarmed to find me in such a state, and vainly tried to learn the cause: I shrunk from his caresses, and attributed every expression of concern to hypocrisy and affectation. Finding every effort to please or accommodate me fruitless, he grew sullen, and left me with an appearance of displeasure which affected me even more than his inconstancy had done. He had not been long gone when a letter came for him; it was written by a woman: curiosity would have induced me to open it; but a moment's reflection convinced me that by such an action I should lose his esteem for ever.

When he returned, I was rather better in health, and strove to meet him with apparent cheerfulness; but the effect cost me infinite pains. The letter laid on the table; he took it up, without any apparent emotion, and began to read: when he had finished the letter, instead of giving it to me, as is his custom, he put it in his pocket, and walked about the room.

Do you dine at home to-day?—I asked, as mildly as I could; but my voice faltered. He looked at me, and replied—

If you wish it.

Certainly, said I: your company is always a pleasure to me.

It has not been so these two last days, I should imagine, said he, carelessly; but I am happy to find your good humor restored.

I smiled, and he seated himself beside me.

(To be continued.)

ON CELIBACY AND MARRIAGE.

Continued from page 156.

VERY handsomely said, by a bachelor! returned the gentleman who was lately married. I despair not of seeing the man, who can do so much justice to the influence of the sex, yet happy in a good wife. But in what I have said, I would not be understood to condemn celibacy in all cases. No: the great point a man ought always to have in view, is his own happiness; when, therefore, a man is conscious that his funds are not equal to the expence of a family, except he can better his circumstances by marriage, it is a virtue in him not to marry. When a man knows his temper to be cross, and his disposition averse to social happiness, he is rather to be pitied than blamed, though he remains a bachelor. When a man looks upon a wife but as an upper-servant, and believes that the sole end of woman's creation was to propagate the species, his ideas qualify him more for a Mahometan paradise, than for the company and conversation of a virtuous and sensible woman. When a man, by his prejudice and a connection with loose women, comes seriously to despise the whole sex, it is very prudent in him to decline a connection where virtue and mutual esteem are essential to happiness.—In a word, I would not have any man marry, who has not the candor to look upon the sex in the most amiable and respectable light; and the sense to distinguish between the errors of the few, and the virtues of the many.

But I know, my friend, that there are numbers, who, like you, have no general prejudice against the sex; who, like you, are in a situation to support a family decently; who, like you, have good sense, good humor, and a taste for social happiness; and, let me add, who, like you, through mere indolence of temper, live on from year to year without once seriously thinking upon what they really believe to be their duty as men and members of society.

In what you have last said, replied the bachelor, you have really hit upon my foible. I acknowledge I am indolent; and have known young fellows so plagued in running after the sex; so jilted and disappointed, and that, too, when they thought that they had their

mistresses sure; that I have never had the courage to subject myself to so many probable inconveniences. I shall give you two or three instances.—

Will Manly is a very honest fellow, and has a pretty good estate. He courted Miss Keelson; her father authorised and approved of his addresses; securities were talked of; preliminaries were settled; when in stepped old Squire Gumble:—a better settlement—double Will's fortune—was in the father's eye, more than a salvo for all that could be said. He became sulky, started a thousand objections, and insisted upon terms which he knew could not be granted. Will was forbid the house.—The poor girl, afraid of her father's violent temper, married the old man; and in six months broke her heart! Poor Will became the jest of the neighborhood.

Ned Hartop is a genteel, well-bred man, and engaged in a fine branch of business. He made his addresses to Miss Sprightly; was well received; and doubted not of success: but a Cornet of Dragoons, with whom his mistress danced at a ball, without a shilling more than his commission, beat up his quarters.

Jack Millan is a lad of excellent conduct and character; minds business, and has always kept the best company. He made up to Squire Stately's daughter: the girl had great merit, but not one shilling of fortune. Jack had been long intimate in the family, and had some reason to believe that he was not indifferent to the lady. He proposed marriage; the Squire was affronted. Jack's great grandfather had been a farmer: the Statelys had been gentlemen beyond all memory. Perhaps matters might have been adjusted by the mediation of friends; but with a generous contempt, Jack disdained to be connected with a fool.

Some of the inconveniences which you pointed out in celibacy I have felt; more of them I have feared: and, to own the whole truth, have often resolved to marry. I once wrote a card to a lady, kept it six months by me, and then threw it into the fire. I know not why one is so awed by the presence of a virtuous woman; but that the greatest libertines are under a restraint when in such company, is most certain. If

ever I court a woman, I believe I must do it on the plan of a certain modest friend of mine, now happily married. He is naturally bashful, and, to have gained him a kingdom, could not have asked a woman the question without some preparatory step first taken. He had been long intimate with the lady whom he married, and had a thousand times revolved in his mind some plan of making his intentions known to her. At last he had the resolution, though with a trembling hand, to write her the following card:

Mr. —'s respectful compliments to Miss —: he thinks she has too much penetration not to have discovered what he never had the courage to tell her. If this shall unfortunately offend, he will too easily observe it; and, in that case, must in silence draw a very disagreeable inference against himself.

He was not able to see her for a month after, but waited on her at last; when, being received in the same easy and obliging manner, after looking a little foolish for the first half hour, he was able to come to the point. The lady knew his worth, and made the just allowances for his temper and conduct.

THE PRISONER,

A recent Fact.

A dreadful din was wont
To grate the sense, when entered here, from groans,
And howls of slaves condemned, from clink of chains,
And crash of rusty bars, and creaking hinges!
And ever and anon the light was dashed
With frightful faces, and the meagre looks
Of grim and ghastly executioners. CONGREVE.

THE tolling of the dreadful bell, summoning the miserable to pay their forfeited lives to the injured laws of their country, awoke Henry from the first sleep he had fallen into since he entered the walls of a dismal prison.

Henry had been a merchant, and married the beautiful Eliza in the midst of affluence; but the capture of the West India fleet, in the late bloody and protracted war, was the first stroke his house received. His creditors, from the nature of the loss, were for some time merciful; but to satisfy some partial demands, he entered into a dishon-

orable treaty, which being discovered, Henry was thrown into a loathsome jail. He had offended against the laws and was condemned to die.

Eliza possessed Roman virtues. She would not quit his side, and, with her infant son, she preferred chasing away his melancholy in a dungeon, to her father's house, which was still open to receive her. Their hopes of a reprieve, from day to day, had fled: but not before the death-warrant arrived. Grief overpowering all other senses, Sleep, the balmy charmer of the woes of humanity, in pity to their miseries, extended hersilken embraces over them, and beguiled the time they had appropriated for prayer, and Eliza, with the infant, still continued under her influence.

Father of Mercies, exclaimed Henry, lend thine ear to a penitent. Give attention to my short prayer. Grant me forgiveness—endue me with fortitude to appear before thee:—and, O God! extend thy mercies to this injured this best of thy servants, whom I have entailed in endless miseries—Chase not sleep from her, till I am dead—The keeper interrupted his devotion by warning him to his fate.—If there be mercy in you, replied Henry, make no noise, for I would not have my wife awaked till I am no more—

He wept—even he, who was inured to misery—He who with apathy, had for ages looked on distress, shed tears at Henry's request—Nature, for once, predominated in a jailer.

At this instant the child cried!—O heavens, said Henry, I am too guilty to have my prayer heard.—He took up his infant, and fortunately hushed it again to rest, while the jailer stood petrified with grief and astonishment.—At last he thus broke out—This is too much—My heart bleeds for you—I would I had not seen this day.

What do I hear, replied Henry?—Is this an angel in the garb of my keeper?—Thou art indeed unfit for thy office—This is more than I was prepared to hear—Hence, and let me be conducted to my fate—

These words awoke the unhappy Eliza; who, with eagerness to atone for lost time, began to appropriate the few

moments left, in supplicating for her husband's salvation.

Side by side the unhappy couple prayed as the ordinary advanced to the cell. They were too intent on devotion to observe him. The holy man came with more comfort than what his function alone could administer. It was a pardon, but with caution he communicated the glad tidings.

The effect it had on them was too affecting to be expressed. Henry's senses were overpowered, while Eliza became frantic with joy.—She ran to the man of God, then to her child, ere she perceived her husband apparently lifeless. He soon inhaled life from her kisses, while the humane jailer freed him from his fetters.

FEMALE DECORUM, &c.

THERE has unfortunately sprung up within a few years, a class of young women who assume airs of superiority and independence; despise the opinion of the world, and treat the remonstrances of prudence with contempt. These kind of *boy-girls* (for I am at a loss by what other name to denominate them) sometimes patrol the streets at a late hour without any male protector, and foolishly aiming on all occasions to prove they are above being dependent on the other sex for assistance or safety, sink themselves even beneath their contempt. The gentlemen are perfectly right to leave such to their fancied independence, and to ride, walk, and dance by themselves.

Besides, a young man may with safety pay every attention to married women; ride, walk, or chat with them, &c. and not be suspected of any design, farther than the amusement of the present hour. But this is not the case with young unmarried women. If a young gentleman dances with a young lady twice, waits upon her home from a visit as often, attends her to the theatre, or walks with her, her giddy acquaintance compliment her on her conquest, it is reported they are immediately to be married, and when in self-defence, he is obliged to declare he has no such intention, the self-deluded girl thinks herself ill-used, and he is railed at for an inconstancy, of which he is perfectly

innocent. This being the case, can it be surprising that men should prefer a "gander party," or, "going to quoddy," or indeed any where else, to avoid the eternal din of "when did you see Miss *****? Oh we know, we understand, you never visit her of an evening; never take long walks with her! you do well to plead ignorance.

Women, from the situation in which custom, nature, and the laws of civilized nations have placed them, must *naturally* look forward with cheerful, perhaps in some degree anxious hope, to the period, when reason, sanctioned by religion, gives to their persons legal protectors, and to their affectionate hearts, rational, faithful, undeviating friends. But does it follow from hence, that a sensible woman, in accepting a man who offers himself, is instigated by selfish motives?—The ill treated female whom a young man, by his unjustifiable desertion has exposed to the sneers of an envious, misjudging world, might with justice make this spirited remark,

"The charms which have subdu'd my heart,
"Another may despise."

Among the many cruelties of which depraved humanity is capable, perhaps there is no one more wantonly barbarous than to win the heart of an innocent young creature, by open and pretended honorable professions of attachment, and having wrung from her modest, inobtrusive nature, confessions of affection, leaving her to repent in silence and solitude, her ill placed confidence.—By expressing myself thus, I do not mean to take the part of those foolish girls, who fancy every attention which *politeness* extorts, is a proof of *attachment*, and every compliment which, custom, or the *whim* of the moment dictates, is an offer of *love* and marriage; on the contrary, I fear many a worthy young man has been led, from mistaken notions of honor to sacrifice to such misconceptions, (especially where the friends of the young lady have taken her side of the question,) every hope of domestic joy. These unhappy men are objects of compassion.—

Messrs. Ming and Young,

By the desire of several readers of the *Weekly Visitor*, I have transcribed the preceding extract, and request its insertion in your useful paper.

N. Y. Feb.

SENEX.

To the Editors of the W. Visitor.

Messrs. Editors,

If you think the following worthy of a place in the Visitor, by giving it insertion you will gratify the feelings of a Juvenile Essayist.

I CONFESS it pains me to behold daily, in our city so many of the votaries of dissipation, who basking in the sunshine of prosperity, reflect not, for a moment on the distresses of thousands of their fellow creatures.

Eager in their pursuit after pleasure, they pass by unregarded the supplicant for charity. They have not time to listen to the heart-melting tale of the orphan, and treat with insult the hoary head of old age.—Many there are I allow who seek to alleviate the distresses of the poor, but there are infinitely more, whose hearts are callous, and whose ears are shut to the voice of distress.

Merciful God! is it possible that the greater part of mankind, while they are enjoying the smiles of fortune, and lavishing away foolishly upon idle and visionary pleasures their substance, should never deign to seek and relieve the unfortunate!

Ye rich, who have never known the pleasing sensations that arise in the bosom of the philanthropist after rescuing an unfortunate family from ruin; go seek the house of woe and distress, go find the widow whose husband hath been entombed in the silent mansion of the dead, go search for the child whose father hath fallen beneath the cruel and icy hand of death, clothe the naked, put bread in the mouths of the hungry and make joy sparkle in those countenances where misery and grief were wont to hold their empire.

Resort to the cell of him who "by a tyrannical and merciless creditor" hath been torn from his home and cast into a lonesome and nauseous prison, and administer the balm of comfort to his despairing mind.

Then will you experience that heart-felt satisfaction which none but the sons and daughters of charity know. Then will the numberless blessings of the poor be showered on your heads mornings and evenings will the prayer of gratitude ascend to the throne of mercy for your

welfare; and that munificent God, who delights in the ways of humanity will amply reward you. What greater happiness can be the lot of mortal man!—

Therefore you who are in affluence, for to you alone I address myself, in the hour of prosperity and pleasure remember the poor and distressed.

O. W.

THE POOR SAILOR BOY.

—"HAVE you lost your way, my lad?" said I to a poor boy, who stood looking wistfully about him at the end of the alley. "Have you lost your way, my lad?" said I in a still softer tone of expression.

"Yes, your honor," answered he. "But indeed," (as if recollecting himself) "I have no way to chuse; every place is a home to me, for no body pities the poor sailor boy. I have sailed two voyages to Jamaica, your honor," continued he, "and, on my return from the last, took a long journey to visit my father: his name is George Trueman; but he disowned me; said I was no child of his, and turned me adrift. I returned to the ship, but my place was already supplied: and here I am, your honor, on my way to London, to seek out a birth for the poor sailor boy."

As he finished he was turning away, about to leave me, when I laid my hand on his arm, to detain him. Whether it was that he could not read "charity" in my countenance—whether he did not think himself entitled to my compassion—or from what other cause it was that he turned away, I know not; but of this I am certain; if my face did not wear the kindest look of pity, it belied my heart.

"God help thee!" said I: "thy years" for he had hardly seen twelve winters, "are unfit to buffet with the wind of Fortune, and the tide of Adversity. Fortune is more fickle than all the winds, and Adversity more irresistible than all the waves thou hast ever met with in the Atlantic ocean!" [I owed Humanity a debt, and here I paid it.]—"And if ever thou seest me in want of sixpence thou shalt repay it me with interest," said I, as he dropped a tear on the piece I had given him. I accepted this

tribute of his heart instead of a thousand thanks, and, buttoning my coat, walked away.

Tell me, ye philosophers, what it is that gives a man such a calmness and tranquility of mind, that sets him so at peace with himself, after doing a good action?—for I think if Doctor Lennetive himself had laid his finger on my pulse at that moment, his stop-watch could not have told him of the least irregularity in the pulsation of it.

Envy me my feelings, ye who have never felt "the luxury of doing good;" who have never shed a tear over the miseries of others; and learn not to suppress the inclinations of doing a good action; for too true it is that we feel them but seldom!

APHORISMS.

The friend who conceals our defects from us is less kind than the enemy who reproaches us with them.

The happiness of the body consists in the possession of health; that of the mind, in being sensible of that blessing.

To expect to find in a wife, beauty, riches, and birth united, is to seek a mistress rather than a companion.

Death itself is less horrible than the phantom under which it is generally represented to our minds.

Prudence is desirable in youth; and gaiety is the balm of old age. This is what a philosopher meant to express, in saying, "We ought to be young in our old age, and old in our youth."

A pretty and virtuous girl had inspired a gentleman far superior to her in wealth, with a very great passion, who said to her, Your virtue is all that I love in you.—Well, then, said she, do not expose me to the danger of losing all that you love.

A clergyman not very famous for piety or oratory, speaking of his predecessor said, When Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, mechanics quitted their shops to go and hear him, merchants their trade, lawyers the courts of justice, physicians their patients; for my part, when I preached there, the year following, I put every thing in order, for nobody abandoned their employ to hear me.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 5, 1804.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the deaths of 25 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 8—hives 3—acute rheumatism 1—dysentery 1—small pox 1—apoplectic fit 1—dropsy in the head 1—phthisis pulmonalis 1—bilious cholera 1—decay 2—old age 1—typhus fever 1—dropsy 1—heavy cold 1—and 1 of disorder not mentioned.

Of the above 18 were adults and 7 children.

FIRE AT NORFOLK.

Capt. Seaman, who arrived on Tuesday last in 48 hours from Norfolk, informs, that on Wednesday evening, the 22d inst. a fire broke out in that town, which after raging with inconceivable fury, many hours, consumed the richest part of the town, and laid in ashes, *three hundred and five houses and stores*, a new ship from the eastward, two brigs, one schooner and a sloop. It commenced about eleven o'clock, in a store at the end of Maxfield's-wharf, in the occupation of Samuel Dunlap, thence took a direction up Market-street to Main-street, down Main-street to the Exchange Coffee-House, and thence to the River, laying waste all the buildings within that compass. The market was pulled down to prevent its crossing Main-street, on the west side. Several houses were blown up with a view to stop its progress, and attended with considerable success, but the exertions of the citizens generally were rendered unavailing by the want of Engines, Buckets, Hooks, &c. of which there was a great scarcity. Eight or ten persons are said to have lost their lives. 10,000 barrels of flour are supposed to be destroyed, and the whole loss estimated at *one million, five hundred thousand dollars*. Among the sufferers were Messieurs Willet and O'Connor, proprietors of the Norfolk Herald, who had their printing office destroyed, but were fortunate enough to save sufficient materials to enable them to carry on the paper for the present, at the theatre, which had been engaged for that purpose.

FIRE AT CHARLESTON.

On Sunday morning, the 12th ult. about 6 o'clock, the southern double range of brick stores on Roper's wharf, in Charleston, was discovered to be on fire. The flames had got to so considerable a height before they were discovered, that it was impossible to get them under before the whole of the range was burnt or pulled down. That wharf and its stores are in the possession of Messrs. Waring and Smith, factors; the stores contained near a thousand barrels of rice, and upwards of seven hundred bales of staple cotton; of the former it is supposed upwards of four hundred barrels are destroyed, and near four hundred bales of the latter. We have no information to say positively to what this unfortunate circumstance is owing. By some it is attributed to accident, and by others it is conjectured that it may have originated in the cotton itself, as the heat of that article, when in large compact bodies, is said to have sometimes created a smouldering fire and consumed itself.

Some very extraordinary antiquities have lately been discovered on the banks of the little Miami river, state of Ohio. They consist of structures bearing every evidence of an acquaintance with the arts of civilization and of science, and from their great extent leave little room for enquiry as to the ancient state of this continent which sets aside all former hypothesis.

These works considered as military fortifications, are not confined to one position, nor to that rude uniformity which distinguishes the works of unrefined nations.

The principal course of fortifications which are situated a few miles from the Ohio, are composed of a number of squares and oblong communications, adapted to the position of the ground; several rising banks and hills are chosen as points of defence; and circular as well as rectangular structures present themselves: which are connected by long chains of works of various lengths from half a mile to a mile.

It is remarkable that the communication is preserved and sally ports open covered by interior breast works, adjoining

the neighboring springs: the sides of the hills form a natural talis or glacis to the general range of the works, and a covert way is cut from each of the sally ports to the springs. In one point where there is a spring somewhat distant from the main fortress, a small fortress appears—the size of the greater may be conceived by that of the less, which forms a parallelogram of 662 by 331 feet. The sides of some of the squares are from 1000 to 2000 feet. And one of the communications extends to the distance of 2864 feet.

One of the most extraordinary of the discoveries of these antiquities, is what we call a turnpike road, formed of stone; which issues from one of the sally posts of the greater fortifications more than 20 feet wide and has been traced to the extent of 2 miles from the works in good order.

Twenty miles above the greater fortification on the same river is another series of works, upon similar principles. There are no ditches to any, but great ingenuity is perceptible in the choice of positions and the application of art to the line of apparent defence.

A Mr. Ludlow found in one of the works an iron ball of 70 pounds weight, which has thrown great difficulty in the way of enquiry. May it not have been adventitiously placed there? Or does it belong to the ancient works?

The following cruel circumstance, is said to have recently occurred in the county, of Goochland, Virginia.

Mr. —, an inhabitant of the above county, having a poor widow-woman on his land, with a house full of children, not one able to help the other, distressed from her for rent, her bed and furniture, carried them off and left her poor children to lie on the floor, in the late deep snow and violent cold weather, the severity of which was sufficient to have frozen the brute of the field. Such men are a disgrace to civilized society, a stigma on the dignity of man, and should receive the execrations of every Friend to the Orphan and Widow.

Pink Stockings—The only sign of modesty in the present dress of the ladies, is the pink die of the stockings, which makes their legs appear to blush for the total want of petticoats. *Lon. Pap.*

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

FRIDAY, FEB. 24.

Chains of the Heart, (P. Hoare) and *Village Lawyer*.

This grand spectacle was play'd to empty benches; and the next day notice given that the Theatre would be shut for the ensuing week, and that during that interval two plays would be in preparation, viz. *Lewis of Monte Blanco*, and *The Wife with two Husbands*.

The first of these pieces has since been announced for representation on Monday next. We shall take the first opportunity of delineating the plot, but at present must content ourselves with giving the cast.

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|-----------------------------------|---------------|
| Jerome, | Mr. Tyler. |
| Lewis, | Mr. Fennell. |
| Thady O'Reilly, | Mr. Harwood. |
| Ferdinand, | Mr. Claude. |
| Lope, | Mr. Martin. |
| Sebastian, | Mr. Harper. |
| Lazzaretto, | Mr. Hogg. |
| Juan, | Mr. Johnson. |
| Lazzarillo, | Mr. Shapter. |
| Servant, | Mr. Robinson. |
| Banditti, Huntsmen, Soldiers, &c. | |
| Olivia, | Mrs. Melmoth. |
| Seraphina, | Mrs. Johnson. |
| Margaretta, | Mrs. Hogg. |

Curiosity is much excited by the announcement of the two plays above mentioned. It is seldom that an American Manager can present to the town the successful pieces of the London stage until the next season after their appearance: here the industry of the caterer for the public amusement has been uncommonly successful. We understand that both these plays are unusually well calculated to attract attention and bestow pleasure; and that *Lewis of Monte Blanco*, in particular, possesses that happy melange of interest and humor which has been proved most certainly to ensure popular favor.

Lines to the memory of Mr. SIDNEY PHOENIX we received too late for our present number. We shall be happy in giving publicity to this tribute to departed excellence.



Married,

On Wednesday last week, Mr. John Bachelor, jun. to Miss Mary Brower, both of this city.

On Thursday evening, last week, Mr. Oliver Coles, merchant, of this city, to Miss Margaret Underhill, of Flushing.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Josias Ten Eyck, of the Post-office, to Miss Hannah Bostwick, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. John Bloomfield, to Miss Harriet Regua.

May smiles their union always grace,
And love's bright flame shine on each face.

At Flatbush, on Saturday evening last, Mr. Louis Sands, to Miss Cornelia Nosstrand.

At Hackensack, (N. J.) on Saturday evening last, Mr. Wm. Cumming, merchant, of this city, to Miss Margaret Van Beuren, of that place.

Same evening, John Limberber, esq. to Miss Rachel Van Beuren, of Hackensack.

At Albany, some time since, Peter Beekman, esq. of that city, to Miss Margaret Van Rensselaer, of Green-Bush.

At the Friends Meeting-house, at Jericho, (L. I.) on the 23d ult. Valentine Hicks, merchant, of this city, to Abigail Hicks, of the former place.

At Savannah, on the 1st ult. Mr. Philip D. Wolhopter, to Miss Sarah Moecock, both of that place.



Died,

At New-Bedford, Thomas Hughes, of the lock jaw, occasioned by freezing his hands and feet.

At Salem, Washington county, (N. Y.) the 8th ult. Martha, Wife of Abraham Bininger, sen. of that place. Aged 81 years. Her life and death bore testimony to the truth of the christian religion.

At Centreville, (Mar.) the rev. Elisha Riggs, formerly pastor of the Episcopal Church in Lancaster.

PROFESSIONAL CONCERT.

The public are respectfully informed the next Concert will be on Tuesday, March 6, at the Mechanic Hall, Broadway—under the direction of Mr. Hewitt.

To begin precisely at seven o'clock; after which will be a Ball, conducted by Mr. Trigrant de Beaumont.

* * Tickets at one dollar each, to be had of G. Gilfert, Music-store Broadway, and of J. Hewitt, Musical repository, Maiden-lane.

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual, in the neatest stile of elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 23, Stone-street.

W. S. TURNER,

SURGEON DENTIST, FROM LONDON.

Respectfully acquaints the ladies and gentlemen of this city, that he practises in all the various branches of his profession. He fits Artificial Teeth with such uncommon nicety as to answer all the useful purposes of nature, and of so neat an appearance, that it is impossible to discern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the teeth is allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set, without giving the least pain or incurring the slightest injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth-ache he can truly say, that his Tincture has very seldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from considerable study and practice) is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any lady or gentleman at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 12, Dey-Street—where may be had with directions, his Antiscorbutic TOOTH-POWDER, a most innocent preparation of his own, from Chymical and Medical experience. It has been in great esteem the last ten years, and is considered as pleasant in its application, as it is excellent in its effect; it renders the teeth smooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (so destructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a most delectable sweetness.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & R. Waite's Patent Medicine Warehouse and Bookstore, No. 64, Maiden-Lane.

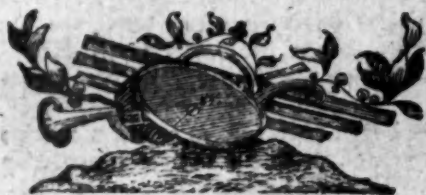
Theatre.

On Monday evening, March 5,
WILL BE PRESENTED,
A Comedy, (never performed here).
called,

Lewis of Monte Blanco,
OR, THE TRANSPLANTED HIBERNIAN.

With additional new Scenery
and Machinery.

To which will be added,
THE PURSE,
OR, BENEVOLENT TAR.



For the Weekly Visitor.

SONNET.

MORN'S beaming eyes at length unclose,
And wake the blushes of the rose,
That all night long oppress'd with dews,
And veil'd in chilling shade its hues;
Reclin'd forlorn, the languid head
And sadly sought its parent bed:
Warmth from her ray the trembling flower derives,
And sweetly blushing through its tears revives.

Morn's beaming eyes at length unclose,
And melt the tears that bend the rose:
But can their charms suppress the sigh,
Or chase the tear from sorrows eye?
Ah, no! can all their light impart,
One ray of peace to sorrow's heart?
Ah, no! their fires her fainting soul oppress:
Eve's pensive shades more sooth her meek distress.

R*****

FOR THE VISITOR. TO ELIZA.

AH! tell me Eliza tell me why,
That in the sunshine of thine eye
United, William breaths the sigh,
Oh, tell me is he doom'd to die?

'Tis William, sweet, who doats on thee,
Then why not give thy heart to me?
And set me from all bondage free,
To life, to love, to liberty.

W. D.

From the Farmer's Cabinet.

THE VOWELS.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different size and features.
One of us in glass is set,
One of us is found in jet,
Another you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you would pursue,
It can never fly from you.

[To the sportive Muse of COLMAN, the younger, every votary of mirth pays willing homage. Of modern authors in the class of comic wit and humorous burlesque, he stands 'first among the foremost.' However an acquaintance with the 'Bleeding Nuns, and 'Margaret's Ghosts' of LEWIS and of MALLEY, may be courted by the admirers of romance and magic; we must confess, that in our opinion the 'unfortunate Miss Bailey' is far more reasonable in her requests, and more decent in her deportment. She treats the faithless Captain Smith, with perfect good manners, contrives to tell her business without the intervention of the Devil, Doctor Faustus, the Wandering Jew, or a Conjuror; and after receiving the moderate sum of twenty shillings to bribe the Sexton, quietly retires, without thunder, lightning, burnt brimstone, or an earthquake.] *[Ægis.]*

UNFORTUNATE MISS BAILEY.

Sung by Mr. Johnson, at the Professional Concert, New-York.

A Captain bold, in Halifax, that dwelt in country quarters,
Seduc'd a maid who hang'd herself one Monday in her garters;
His wicked conscience smited him! he lost his stomach daily,
He took to drinking ratafia, and thought upon Miss Bailey!
Oh, Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey!

One night betimes, he went to bed, for he had caught a fever;
Says he, "I am a handsome man, but I'm a gay deceiver."
His candle just at twelve o'clock began to burn quite palely;
A ghost stepp'd up to his bed side, and said "behold Miss Bailey!"
Oh, Miss Bailey! &c.

"Avaunt, Miss Bailey!" then he cried, "your face looks white and mealy."
"Dear Captain Smith," the Ghost replied, "you've used me ungentlely."
"The Crowner's quest goes hard with me because I've acted frailty:
"And parson Biggs wont bury me, though I am dead Miss Bailey.
Oh, Miss Bailey, &c.

"Dear Corpse, says he, "since you and I, accounts must once for all close,
"I've got a one Pound Note within my regimental small clothes,
"Twill bribe the Sexton for your grave"—The ghost then vanished gaily,
Crying, "Bless, you wicked Captain Smith! remember poor Miss Bailey!"
Oh, Miss Bailey, unfortunate Miss Bailey.

N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chaps, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

TUITION.

The Subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their patronage, and flatters himself that he has every reason to hope for a continuance of the same, soliciting also the patronage of the public, informs, that he has removed his School to No. 17, Bancker-Street where he proposes continuing the ensuing year. A Tutoress will attend in said School for the purpose of teaching plain sewing and all kinds of needle work. The subscriber continues as usual to give lessons to ladies and gentlemen at their own dwelling, particularly in the art of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months or exact no pay.

W. D. LEZELL.

WHAITES & CHARTERS.

PATENT PIANO FORTE MAKERS,

No. 19, Barclay-Street, opposite St. Peter's Church, Have for sale elegant additional-key'd patent Piano Fortes of superior quality in tone and workmanship to any that have been imported, as they are made after the latest improvement, with upright Dampers, and the Back solid. They will not require tuning so often as instruments in general do.

N. B. Second-hand Piano Fortes taken in exchange. Instruments lent on hire, tuned and repaired with neatness and accuracy.

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